FULL BLEED STUDIOS
#5
RICHARD PACE
PITT
CREW
$2.50
$4.00
CAN

PITT

FULL BLEED™ STUDIOS

CREW #5

sToRy & LiNe ArT
RICHARD PACE

CoLoRs
ELIZABETH LEWIS
BEN PRENEVOST

lEtTeRiNg
NICOLA VAUGHAN
& COMICRAFT

CoVeR
DALE KEOWN

Production
DALE KEOWN
NICOLA VAUGHAN

Film output
KELL-O-GRAPHICS

Printing
IMPRIMERIE QUEBECOR

www.fullbleed.com

PITT Crew, Vol. 1, #5. Dec. 1999. First Printing. Full Bleed Studios. $2.50 U.S. / $4.00 in Canada. PITT®, ZOYVOD™, & all other prominent characters and their distinctive likeness are registered trademark, and Copyright © Dale Keown 1995, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are registered trademark and Copyright© Dale Keown 1999. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Dale Keown.
PRINTED IN CANADA

THIS IS A STORY OF LONG AGO, OF GOOD AND EVIL, OF MEN AND DEVILS, OF BEGINNINGS AND ENDS.
WINTER HAD PASSED. STORM SEASON STRUCK WITH UNCOMMON FURY UPON THE LANDS WITHIN THE KINGDOM OF HYBORRIN. THE LASHING RAINS KEPT FISHERMEN'S SHIPS FROM THE SEA, AND SHEPHERDS' FLOCKS FROM THE GRAZING FIELDS...
AS EVERY YEAR BEFORE, ALL THE PEOPLE ANXIOUSLY WAITED FOR THE LAST AND GREATEST OF THE STORMS TO ARRIVE. FOR STORM SEASON ALWAYS ENDED WITH A *DELUGE MORE TERRIBLE AND VIOLENT* THAN ANY OTHER OF THE YEAR.
THE PEOPLE GAVE THE FINAL STORM OF THE SEASON A NAME: AMRAK. IN THE OLD TONGUE IT MEANS "LIKE THE LION'S ROAR".
AND IN *THIS* TALE, AS IT IS IN *ALL THE BEST TALES*, WHAT WAS EXPECTED TO BE TERRIBLE AND VIOLENT WAS *MUCH, MUCH WORSE.*
SO IT WAS, WITH THE LAST STORM OF STORM SEASON IN THE YEAR THAT *THIS* STORY TOOK PLACE...

...WHEN THE FORCES OF HELL WERE UNLEASHED UPON THE CROSSING PLAINS!
FLYING ABOVE THEM, RIDING AN INFERNAL STEEL BEAST, WAS THEIR LEADER, THE SECOND SON OF DARKNESS...
...PITT!
OH, I'VE HEARD THIS ONE.

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD A SIMILAR STORY, CHANGED OVER THE YEARS BY LESSER STORYTELLERS-
BUT, NO, YOUNG PRINCE, YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THIS TALE TOLD BEFORE...
...AND IT IS TOLD BEST BY FIRELIGHT UNDER THE DARKEST OF NIGHTSKIES.
THEN, GET ON WITH IT, TELLER!
I'VE NOT MY BROTHER'S FOUL TEMPER, BUT DRAGGING ME OUT TO THIS BARREN PLAIN TO BORE ME WITH A MYTH I'VE HEARD A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE--
MYTH?! HAH! FICTION, MORE LIKE, THE WAY THOSE OLD STORIES HAVE BEEN WARPED AND REWOVEN OVER THE CENTURIES.
HOW MANY DIFFERENT STORIES HAVE YOU HEARD OF AMRAK OF THE AXE?
THE BARBARIAN KING? FIFTY, MAYBE MORE.
BUT SEVERAL ARE SIMPLY VARIATIONS OF EACH OTHER--
--WITH DIFFERENT MONSTERS SLAIN OR WOMEN RESCUED.
BEFORE HE DIED, AMRAK HAD HAD ONLY SEVENTEEN OF HIS ADVENTURES RECORDED BY THE COURT SCRIBES!
SINCE THEN, THE ROYAL STORYTELLERS HAVE MEMORIZED THEM TO TELL THE TRUE VERSIONS TO THE KING'S CHILDREN WHEN THEY COME OF AGE.
IT IS ONE OF OUR DUTIES.
ANOTHER OF OUR DUTIES IS TO SPEAK THE UNPLEASANT TRUTH WHEN REQUIRED. YOUR FATHER COUGHS BLOOD AND HAS PAIN THAT THE ROYAL SURGEONS CAN NEITHER EXPLAIN NOR CURE. SOON HE WILL DIE.
THEN MY BROTHER WILL BE KING, AND I WILL BE EXILED TO A DISTANT CORNER OF THE KINGDOM, TO BE LORD OVER SOME SHEEP FARMERS IN HIS NAME.
MY FUTURE IS KNOWN, TELLER. DISCUSSING IT SERVES NO PURPOSE.
YOU'LL MAKE A POOR KING IF YOU BELIEVE THE FUTURE IS KNOWN TO ANYONE, LAD.
YOUR BROTHER CAUGHT A SICKNESS IN ONE OF KARRACEN'S SEAPORT BROTHELS. YOU'LL BE CROWNED AND SEATED UPON THE EAGLE THRONE BEFORE YOUR NEXT BIRTHDAY.
NOW LISTEN, YOUNG PRINCE, AND I'LL TELL YOU OF AMRAK.
NOT THE DISTORTED FANCIES OF THE COMMON BARDS, BUT THE TRUE EVENTS AS TOLD BY THE DYING KING HIMSELF.

FROM HIS FIRST SANDAL-SHOD STEPS INTO THE CIVILIZED SOUTHERN KINGDOMS, TO HIS STEEL-BOOTED MARCH TO ASCEND THE HYBORRIN THRONE, AND BEYOND, AMRAK LIVED A LIFE DESTINED TO SHAPE OUR HISTORY.
HE WAS, AT TURNS, THIEF AND GUARD, REBEL AND MERCENARY, GALLEY-SLAVE, AND FINALLY, KING.
COUNTLESS MEN- NOBLES AND COMMONERS- DIED BY HIS AXE IN PITCHED BATTLES AND INTIMATE DUELS. HE SLEW SORCERERS SUCH AS FARAOH STIX OF OBSIDDIS, AND FOUL BEASTS LIKE THE POISON-FANGED SERPENT OF FALLAGA TEMPLE.
HE ALSO SAW WONDERS, AND HORRORS THAT WOULD HAVE WITHERED THE SOULS OF LESSER MEN.
HE FREED THE HORNED GODLING, YOTHERRIN, FROM THE LABARYNTH: AND HE KILLED THE SKULL-FACED DEMON, TELLUOHN, FROM WHOM HE TOOK HIS AXE, THE SKYSPLITTER.
FOR A TIME HE RODE THE LAST KOLOTH TIGER AS OTHERS WOULD A HORSE. HIS COMPATRIOTS WERE AS COLOURFUL AS HE, INCLUDING A FEW WARRIOR WOMEN AND THE PRINCESS YHASVEENA OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE.
IN THEIR TURN, I WILL TELL YOU OF EACH OF THEM. BUT I'LL START WITH THE STORY OF HIS FINAL BATTLE, YOUNG PRINCE, FOR IT IS THE ONE MOST DISTORTED BY HISTORY AND RETELLING.

IN THE TOWERED CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM, WHILE THE PEOPLE AWAITED THE STORM THAT SHARED THEIR KING'S NAME, A RAIN SOAKED AND ROAD WEARY SOLDIER ARRIVED AT COURT.
THE SOLDIER WAS FROM THE GARRISON IN BLACK PINES, A FARMING TOWN NEAR THE CROSSING PLAINS AND FIVE DAYS OF HARD RIDING AWAY FROM THE CAPITAL.
HE REPORTED THE FIRE SEEN IN THE SKY OVER THE PLAINS AND THE PATROL SENT TO INVESTIGATE THAT NEVER RETURNED.
AND, WHILE THE SHOCKED COURTIERS LISTENED, THE SOLDIER DESCRIBED IN DETAIL HOW THE HOARD OF DEMON WARRIORS HAD SWARMED THE TOWN, KILLED ALL WHO OPPOSED THEM, AND DRAGGED ALL OTHERS AWAY IN CHAINS.
UNDER ORDERS FROM HIS COMMANDER, HE HAD LEFT THE BURNING TOWN TO REPORT TO THE KING AND WARN HIM OF THIS INVASION.
AMRAK KNEW THERE WAS LITTLE THAT HIS LEGIONS COULD DO AGAINST AN ARMY OF DEMONS. BUT THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO LEAD THEM FORTH AGAINST THIS ENEMY AND INEVITABLY ALL WOULD DIE.
AND FROM THE SMILE HE SAW TOUCHING HIS QUEEN'S LIPS, SHE KNEW IT AS WELL.
HE HAD NO DOUBT SHE WAS ALREADY SCHEMING TO CONSOLIDATE HER POWER AND FORM AN ALLIANCE WITH THE DEMONIC INVADERS AFTER HIS LIKELY DEMISE AT THEIR HANDS.
SHE HATED HIM FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY THEY MET: THE DAY THE REBEL ARMY TOOK THE CAPITOL, AND AMRAK DECAPITATED HER HUSBAND, KING THELLIS, TO TAKE THE CROWN FOR HIS OWN.
AMRAK HAD MARRIED HER...
WHILE THE GORY HEAD OF THE DEPOSED KING THELLIS STILL DRIPPED BLOOD FROM THE SPIKE IT WAS IMPALED UPON ABOVE THE CITY'S EASTERN GATE...
...AND WHILE HER YOUNG SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS, THELLIS' ONLY HEIRS, WERE STILL WAITING IN BLACK EAGLE TOWER TO BE EXECUTED.

IT HAD BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE HE LAST HELD SKYSPLITTER. THIS MAGICAL AXE BOTH *EXCITED* AND *TERRIFIED* HIM, MAKING HIM WONDER IF HE WAS A HERO AND KING *ONLY* BECAUSE OF THE AXE'S *POWER*.
HE WONDERED, AS WELL, IF SOME DEVIL WOULD PRY IT FROM HIS DEAD FINGERS LIKE HE DID FROM TELLU'OHN'S DEATH-FROZEN CLAWS SO MANY YEARS AGO...
...YEARS MARKED BY THE DEEP LINES ON HIS FACE AND THE GREY HAIRS ON HIS HEAD.
PERHAPS A FEW OF THOSE GREY HAIRS COULD HAVE BEEN FAULTED TO HIS QUEEN.
HER CLANDESTINE MEETINGS WITH WOULD-BE ASSASSINS OR NOBLES, WHO WOULD HAVE THE BARBARIAN REMOVED FROM THE THRONE, GREW AS TIRESOME AS THEY WERE FREQUENT.
AND ALL ATTEMPTS TO PRODUCE AN HEIR HAD SO FAR BEEN FUTILE.
HIS ADVISORS SUSPECTED SHE WAS TAKING CERTAIN HERBS TO PREVENT HER BECOMING PREGNANT AND RECOMMENDED HE LOCK HER UP IN THE NOW VACANT BLACK EAGLE TOWER UNTIL SUCH A TIME AS THE HERBS NO LONGER WERE EFFECTIVE.
IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, HE STILL FOUND HER BEAUTIFUL.
HE SNARLED...
WHEN I RETURN, MY LOVE, MAYHAP WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER *TRY* AT MAKING AN *HEIR* TO MY THRONE.
KEEP A FIRE BURNING IN YOUR BEDCHAMBER, SO IT MIGHT MELT THE ICE IN YOUR BLOOD.

THE PEOPLE ROARED AND CHEERED AS THE ARMY RODE THROUGH THE PUDDLED STREETS AND OUT THE CITY GATES. BUT THE RAINS DAMPENED EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE KING'S SPIRITS.
IN THE FAR OFF NORTHERN LANDS WHERE HE WAS BORN, IT WAS CONSIDERED A BAD OMEN TO MARCH OUT TO WAR IN THE RAIN.
BY THE END OF THE DAY THEY APPROACHED THE STILL SMOKING RUINS OF AMNAVAR, POPULATED NOW BY RATS AND THE DEAD.
A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS CAME OUT FROM HIDING TO MEET THE ARMY ON THE ROAD, IN HOPES OF FOOD AND PROTECTION.

THEIR SPOKESMAN, A FARMER WHO HAD RUN AS HIS FAMILY WAS TAKEN BY THE INVADERS, WARNED THE KING OF THE TERRORS THAT LAY IN WAIT DOWN THE ROAD TOWARD THE CROSSING PLAINS.
HE DESCRIBED THE HELLISH NATURE AND APPEARANCE OF THE SOLDIERS AND THEIR FIRE-CASTING STEEL WEAPONS THAT INCINERATED ALL THAT OPPOSED THEM.
HE DESCRIBED THE TERRIFYING BLOODTHIRSTY HOUNDS UNLEASHED UPON THE TOWNSPEOPLE.
AND THE MAN SHUDDERED AS HE TOLD OF HIS BRIEF GLIMPSE OF THEIR HORRIFIC, RED EYED LEADER, ENCASED IN BLACK ARMOUR.

AFTER SEVEN DAYS FORCED MARCH, THE ARMED FORCE ARRIVED. IT WAS THE FIRST DAY WITHOUT RAIN SINCE THEY LEFT THE CAPITOL.
ON THAT JOURNEY THEY FOUND MANY MORE SHELLS OF RAVAGED TOWNS AND MET THE FEW WITNESSES LEFT TO TESTIFY TO THE AWESOME HORROR OF THE MONSTROUS INVADERS' WEAPONS.
AMRAK KNEW THAT HIS ARMY WOULD FALL BEFORE THE DEMONS OF THE DARK FORTRESS IF EVEN HALF OF THE TERROR-FILLED TALES WERE TRUE.
ATTACKING MY TOWNS AND MY PEOPLE DOES NOT IMPRESS ME, DEMON!
I AM A TRUE WARRIOR-- NOT SOME MILKMAID OR SHEPHERD BOY. COME OUT TO SEE HOW YOU'LL FARE AGAINST ME!!

AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES WITH ONLY THE SUSURRUS OF THE WIND BLOWING ACROSS THE PLAIN AND THE MUFFLED CLINK OF ARMOUR AND STAMP OF HORSES' HOOVES FROM HIS ARMY WAITING BEHIND, HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO
THE BARBARIAN KING DREW UPON THE MYSTIC POWERS OF HIS AXE, SKYSPLITTER
SMALL BURSTS OF ENERGY FLASHED AROUND HIS HANDS UPON THE WEAPON'S SHAFT AS THE SKY ABOVE FILLED WITH DARKENING CLOUDS --
-- AND AMRAK CALLED DOWN *LIGHTNING* TO STRIKE THE DEMON KEEP!
HE HAD USED THE POWER OF THE AXE MANY TIMES BEFORE THOUGH IT DRAINED HIS ENERGY GREATLY TO DO SO - AT THE SIEGE OF LAMORCA HE USED IT THREE TIMES AND SLEPT FOR TWO DAYS TO RECOVER
SEVERAL MORE MINUTES PASSED WITH NO RESPONSE FROM WITHIN SO AMRAK BROUGHT LIGHTNING ROARING DOWN UPON THE FORTRESS, AGAIN!
THIS, AT LAST, EARNED A RESPONSE: A LOUD, METALLIC CRANKING WAS HEARD ACROSS THE PLAINS AS THE GATE OPENED.

REVEALING THE BLACK HEARTED ARMOURED LEADER OF THE DEMON WARRIORS.
THE RAIN ROARED DOWN WITH SUCH FURY THAT THERE WAS NO DOUBT THAT THE KING, USING THE MAGIC OF HIS AXE, HAD BROUGHT ABOUT THE FULL FURY OF HIS RAMESAKE STORM. AMEN!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

IMPRESSIVE AXE
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TAKING IT FROM YOU
I KILLED A DEMON TO MAKE IT MINE. I'LL GLADLY KILL ANOTHER TO KEEP IT
ARROGANT. YOU WANT A DUEL, THINKING YOUR AXE WILL MAKE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO DEFEAT ME
..AND STUPID TO THINK THAT MY WARRIORS WILL NOT SLAUGHTER YOUR ARMY IF YOU DO
MORE THAN THAT - I INTEND TO FREE THE PEOPLE YOU'VE CAPTURED, AFTER I KILL YOU.
IF YOU KILL ME, IT WILL BE SO. .
IT AMUSES ME
YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THE RACE THAT MADE THAT WEAPON, DO YOU?
I KNOW THAT IT IS A GOOD AXE, AND THAT IS ALL I NEED TO KNOW
FAIR ENOUGH...
IT WILL SOON BELONG TO ONE WHO APPRECIATES IT FOR WHAT IT IS.
COME, TRY AND TAKE IT!

URRRR!
KRANGG!!
ERRRRRRRRR!!
KLUDD!!
SIKKRAKK!!
WELL DONE
YOU THINK I AM D SARMED
NOT SO!!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

URRR'
CHUDD!!
URRRRRRR
AAAAAAAAAARRRRR!!!
ENOUGH!
UNNNNNN

THE RAIN STOPPED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED SO ALL WAS SILENT BUT FOR THE ECHOES OF THE THUNDER W.THIN THE EARS OF THOSE WATCH.NG.
PITT S WARRIORS WERE TERRIFIED OF WHAT PUNISHMENT WOULD AWAIT THEM FOR ALLOWING THE.R LEADER TO DIE LIKE THIS.
AMRAK'S SOLDIERS WONDERED IF THEY WOULD BE SLAIN BY THE DEMONS IN RETRIBUTION
BUT WITHIN THE DRIFTING SMOKE. AMRAK LIVED STILL...
AND FROM THE NEARBY SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT AND BREATH.NG. SO DID HIS OPPONENT!

HARD TO KILL
I LIKE THAT

GIVE ME THE AXE AND I WILL LET YOU LIVE.
AND YOU WILL LET MY PEOPLE LIVE, AS WELL?
PITT AND HIS DARK METAL FORTRESS ROARED BACK INTO THE HEAVENS, NEVER TO BE SEEN HERE AGAIN...
... AND AMRAK WAS BROUGHT BACK TO THE CAPITOL TO RECOVER.
YES

STOP FOR A MOMENT! AMRAK DIED IN THAT BATTLE.
THE THIRD LIGHTNING BOLT KILLED THEM BOTH, AND THEN PITT'S DEVILS QUICKLY LEFT IN THEIR FLYING FORTRESS.
THAT'S THE WAY THE TALE IS TOLD NOW, BUT IT IS NOT WHAT HAPPENED.
ALL THE GREAT HEROES OF OUR LEGENDS SHOULD DIE HEROICALLY; BUT AMRAK LINGERED. HE LIVED - CRIPPLED AND SCARRED - FOR A FEW YEARS AFTER HIS BATTLE WITH PITT.
WHEN HE DID FINALLY DIE, IT WAS AT THE HAND OF HIS WIFE, THE QUEEN.
SHE POISONED THE UNGUENTS USED TO TREAT THE SCARS HE RECEIVED IN HIS LAST BATTLE.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, THE KING'S GENERALS WERE MORE LOYAL TO AMRAK THAN TO ANY RULER WHO HAD COME BEFORE HIM...
THEY HUNG HER AND HER LOVERS FROM THE BATTLEMENTS OF BLACK EAGLE TOWER. THEY SUMMONED AMRAK'S SON FROM THE NORTH-LANDS TO RULE AS KING.
IT WAS THEN DETERMINED THAT THE QUEEN'S TREASON AND A BASTARD SON UPON THE THRONE WAS AN EMBARRASSMENT THE ROYAL COURT SHOULD NOT BEAR.
NO BOOKS WERE BURNED, NO HISTORIANS KILLED. THEY CHANGED ONLY THE WAY AMRAK'S STORY WAS TOLD.
AS IT IS TOLD NOW, KING AMRAK DIED IN VALIANT BATTLE AGAINST PITT. HIS QUEEN, OVERCOME WITH GRIEF, THREW HERSELF FROM BLACK EAGLE TOWER.
AND YOUR ANCESTOR, AMRAK'S ILLEGITIMATE SON, BECAME LEGITIMATE IN THE TELLING; SO THE ROYAL BLOODLINE WAS UNBROKEN.
THE NEW TRUTH REPLACED THE OLD, AND WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED WAS FORGOTTEN AS QUICKLY AS EMBERS FORGET THE FLAMES.
WHAT AM I TO LEARN ABOUT BEING A KING, FROM THAT DEPRESSING TALE?
I'D BE LYING IF I TOLD YOU THAT CHALLENGING A DEMON TO A DUEL IS THE PROPER BEHAVIOUR FOR THE BEARER OF THE CROWN.
THE LESSON HERE IS IN WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE TALE!

Read more FREE comics on ReadComicOnline

WHILE THIS STORY IS JUST AS HEROIC AS THE VERSION YOU HEARD BEFORE, MY PRINCE, IT HAD TO BE CHANGED, AS WILL THE TALES TOLD OF YOUR FATHER AND BROTHER'S RULE.
BUT WHY WOULD I HAVE TO CHANGE THE WAY THEIR LIVES ARE REMEMBERED? IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HOW I WOULD RULE HYBORRIA!
YOUR FATHER INVADED CORITHIN BECAUSE HE DISLIKED THE POINTED HATS WORN BY THE MERCHANTS OF THAT LAND.
THAT MADE HIM APPEAR PETTY AND STUPID, WHICH HE OFTEN IS, AS YOU WELL KNOW.
WHEN YOU BECOME KING, THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOUR LORDS OR GENERALS WILL DISAGREE WITH YOU.
THEY'LL RECALL YOUR FATHER... AND HOW THEY THINK OF HIM WILL DETERMINE HOW READILY THEY WILL ACCEPT YOUR DECISIONS.
WHEN I BECOME KING, WHY SHOULD I CARE IF THEY WOULD ACCEPT MY DECISIONS, AS LONG AS THEY WOULD DO AS THEY'RE TOLD?!
THAT IS A LESSON CONTAINED IN ANOTHER STORY, GOOD PRINCE.
IT IS LATE. TRY TO SLEEP, BEFORE THE DAWN AND YOUR BODYGUARDS ARRIVE.
WAIT! THE DEMON LEADER, PITT - HE NEVER TOLD AMRAK HIS NAME IN YOUR STORY, SO HOW DO WE NOW KNOW IT?
IN MY YOUTH, OH PRINCE, I WISHED TO FLY AMONGST THE STARS, LIKE THE DEMON SHIP COULD.
WITHOUT SUCH A SHIP, I CLIMBED MOUNTAINS TO BE CLOSER TO THE SPECKLED NIGHT SKY.

ON ONE SUCH JOURNEY I MET AND SPOKE WITH THE MONKS OF MADRAGAARD MOUNTAIN. THEY TOLD ME THEY COULD DREAM THEMSELVES INTO A MAGIC REALM CALLED SHIMMERSPACE...
...A PLACE WHERE TIME - BOTH PAST AND YET TO BE - CAN BE READ MUCH LIKE A BOOK.
OF THE QUESTIONS I ASKED THEM, SOME WERE OF PITT, AND AMRAK'S AXE.
ABOUT THE AXE, THE MONKS WERE VAGUE, AS THEY USUALLY ARE ABOUT THESE THINGS, BUT THEY DID SAY THAT IT WAS ONLY IN THE DEVIL'S POSSESSION FOR A SHORT TIME AFTER HE LEFT OUR WORLD.
THEY TOLD ME MUCH OF THE LIFE OF THE CREATURE CALLED PITT.
HE, TOO, WAS A PRINCE. AND IN HIS YOUTH HE SERVED HIS EVIL FATHER. WHILE HE WAS A DEVIL TO US AND TO THOSE ON MANY OTHER WORLDS, HE EVENTUALLY BECAME BOTH A HERO AND A KING.
BUT HOW WE LEARNED OF PITT'S NAME, WHEN NEITHER HE NOR HIS WARRIORS HAD TOLD IT TO ANYONE...
...IS A QUESTION THE MADRAGAARD MONKS WOULD LIKE ANSWERED AS WELL...
END